

for sweet *Iacke Falstafse*, kind *Iacke Falstafse*, true *Iacke Falstafse*, valiant *Iacke Falstafse*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falstafse*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plumpe *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriefe, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstafse*.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Hos.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

*Hos.* The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou heare *Hal*? neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your Maior; if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter, If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as an other.

*Prince.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, therest walke vp a-boue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now maister Sherife, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

*Car.* As fat as Butter.

*Prin.* The man, I do assure you is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue employed him:

And Sherife, I will ingage my word That I will by to morrow dinner time Send him to answere thee or any man For any thing he shall be charg'd with And so let me intreate you leaue this

*Sher.* I will my Lord, there are twelve Have in this robbery lost 300. markes

*Prince.* It may be so: if he haue him He shalbe answerable: and so farewell

*Sher.* Good night, my noble Lord

*Prin.* I thinke it is good morrow

*Sher.* Indeed my Lord, I thinke

*Prince.* This oyle rascal is knowne him forth.

*Peto.* *Falstafse*? fast asleepe belike like a horse.

*Prin.* Harke how hard he fetches

*He searcheth his pockets, and*

*Prince.* What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my Lord

*Prince.* Lets see what be they: re

Item a Capon

Item sawce

Item, Sacke, two gallons.

Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper

Item bread.

O monstrous, but one halfe peni

able deale of Sacke. what there is

it at more aduantage: there let him

in the morning. We must all to the

honourable. Ile procure this fat ro

know his death: will be a match of t

be payed backe againe with aduanti

the morning, and so good morrow

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester,*

*Owen Glendon*

*Mer.* These promises are faire, t